



## Middletown Directory.

**CORPORATION OFFICERS.**  
TOWNSHIP COMMISSIONERS.—T. E. Hurn, President;  
J. H. Seward, Secretary; John B. Roberts, S.  
R. Stephens, 1 vacancy.  
ASSESSOR.—Charles E. Anderson.  
TREASURER.—DeW. C. Walker.  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—DeW. C. Walker.  
CONSTABLE AND POLICEMAN.—John W. Hayes.

**NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
John A. Reynolds.

**TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.**  
John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.;  
Sam'l Pennington, Sec.; B. Gibbs, James Kancely,  
R. T. Cochran, 1 vacancy.

**SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.**  
DISTRICT NO. 60.—Albert Pennington, Wm. H.  
Cann, Wm. Green, cler.; E. T. Evans, Chas. E. An-  
derson, W. J. H. Lingo, Clerk.

**OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK.**  
DIRECTORS.—Dr. J. V. Crawford, R. Gibbs, C.  
B. Kilborn, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, Jas.  
Culbertson, Henry Clayton, E. C. Fenimore, J.  
B. Cazier.  
PRESIDENT.—J. V. Crawford.  
CASHIER.—J. R. Hall.  
TELLERS.—J. B. Clarkson, John S. Crouch.

**DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.**  
J. M. Cox, Pres.; Sam'l Pennington, Sec.; J. R.  
Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Thos. Massey, Dr.  
Wm. H. Barr, and R. T. Lockwood.

**CHURCHES.**  
ST. ANNE'S PROTESTANT, Rev. John Collins  
McClure, D. D., Rector. Divine service on Sun-  
days at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday  
School at 9 A. M. Lectures on Fridays at 4 P. M.  
FOREST PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. John Patton, D. D.,  
Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and  
7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Lec-  
ture on Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School  
in the Chapel at Armstrong's Corner every Sun-  
day at 2:30 P. M.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Rev. Vaughn Smith,  
Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.  
and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. and  
2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Thursdays at 7:45  
P. M.  
GOSPEL METHODIST, Rev. J. W. Brown, Pastor.  
Service every other Sunday at 10:30 A. M.  
and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School every Sunday at  
1 P. M.

**MASONIC.**  
ADONIRAM CHAPTER, No. 5, R. A. M. Meets in  
Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays  
of every month at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in  
Cochran Hall, No. 2 Cochran Square.  
UNION LODGE, No. 5, A. F. A. M. Meets on  
the first and third Tuesdays of every month, at 8  
o'clock, P. M., Masonic Hall.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**  
DAVIDSON LODGE, No. 12. Meets every Friday  
evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in the Town  
Hall.

**I. O. O. F.**  
GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 2. Meets every  
Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in  
Cochran Hall, No. 2 Cochran Square.

**BUILDING AND LOAN.**  
MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION. Meets on  
the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock,  
P. M.  
MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—  
Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8  
o'clock, P. M.

**DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.**  
Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8  
o'clock, P. M.

**POST OFFICE.**  
OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6:30 A. M. and closes  
at 9 P. M. every day, except Sunday.  
Mails for the North close at 8:45 A. M. and 2:15  
P. M.  
Mails for the South close at 11 A. M.  
Mails for Odessa close at 11:20 A. M. and 7:30  
P. M.  
Mails for Warwick, Sasfras and Cecilton  
close at 11:20 A. M.

**RAILROAD.**  
Passenger trains going North leave at 9:00 A.  
M. and 2:30 P. M.; going South, at 11:25 A. M.  
and 7:51 P. M. Freight trains with passenger  
cars attached, going North, leave at about 6:30  
and 7:40 P. M.; going South, at about 2:30 and  
7:00 A. M.

**STAGE LINES.**  
Stage for Odessa with U. S. Mail, leaves short-  
ly after the arrival of the 11:25 A. M. and 7:51 P.  
M. mail trains.  
Stages for Warwick, Sasfras and Cecilton  
leave shortly after the arrival of the 11:25 A. M.  
train.

**THOMAS MASSEY, JR.**  
CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,  
Main Street, next door to National Hotel  
Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and  
promptly repaired.  
Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches,  
Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Napkin  
Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea  
Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-  
Rings, Finger-Rings, Silver Buttons, Watch  
Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch  
Chains, &c.

AGENT FOR  
DEVINNY'S SPECTACLES.  
Dec. 12-17.

## MIDDLETOWN MARKET HOUSE.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce  
to the public that he has taken the store  
house on North Broad St., Middletown, Del.,  
formerly occupied by Taylor & Son, (having  
bought out their interest), where he will keep al-  
ways on hand a well-selected stock of choice  
Groceries, Fruits and Provisions,  
as well as a full supply of fresh Vegetables, &c.,  
in season. Call and satisfy yourselves.  
July 12-17.

**C. MAISEL,**  
TAILOR, (From Paris),  
1321 Chestnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

## Select Poetry.

### Judge Not Too Harshly.

BY J. VICE.

When you meet with one suspected  
Of some secret deed of shame,  
And for this by all rejected,  
As a thing of evil fame,  
Guard him every look and action,  
Speak no word of heartless blame;  
For the slanderer's vile detraction,  
Yet may soil thy goodly name.  
When you meet with one pursuing  
Ways the lost have entered in,  
Working out his own undoing,  
With his recklessness and sin,  
Think, if placed in his condition,  
Would a kind word be in vain?  
Or a look of cold suspicion,  
Win thee back to truth again?  
There are spots that bear no flowers,  
Not because the soil is bad,  
But the Summer's genial showers  
Never make their bosoms glad.  
Better have an act that's kindly,  
Treated sometimes with disdain,  
Than by judging others blindly,  
Doom the innocent to pain.  
The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell,  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel, but never tell.  
Would a kind word be in vain?  
Whose hopes are bounding high,  
In an unending record kept,  
These things shall never die.

## Select Story.

### THE NEW MINISTER AT THORNDALE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

The Thorndale first parish had been without a shepherd something like a year and a half. It was very hard to suit every one in that parish, and previous experience had taught them the utter futility of expecting to keep a man against whom any one member could bring the faintest shadow of objection, either personal or professional. For some reason they had been very unfortunate in their previous engagements, each of the many who had filled their pulpit failing to give entire satisfaction to everybody. For instance: The Rev. Mr. Daly was too practical, and dwelt altogether too much on such subjects as personal integrity, sweetness of spirit, and holy living, to the neglect of the doctrines—the doctrines were what they hired him to expound. Some of them ventured to suggest a little different course to him, but, alas! when he complied with the suggestion, he found he had opened a door to a score more of the same sort. Deacon Potter believed in freewill, and Deacon Smith in Divine sovereignty, and so on ad infinitum. The half-distracted parson tried to harmonize the discordant elements, leaning first a little one way and then a little the other, to the infinite disgust of first one and then the other wing of the differing members, according to which side he inclined. And so the last state of the man was worse than the first; for the differing sections were unanimous upon one thing: A minister should be, above all things else, rigidly independent. They had one weather-vane to their church and that was enough. And so Mr. Daly resigned. After this came Mr. Gordon. He was everything that could be asked—eloquent, gracefully uniting theory and practice in a fine subtle way that offended no one's prejudices, but, alas, somebody awoke to the fact that this same subtlety of gracefully generalizing was undermining and sapping the foundations of their faith, and heads were shaken wisely, and "twont do" was said more and more emphatically, and—well, Mr. Gordon had a call from somewhere about that time—and it was accepted! The parish determined to be cautious in the selection of Mr. Gordon's successor, and each member generally, and the "leading" members particularly, had a nicely prepared code of qualifications—including theoretical, practical, intellectual, social and domestic qualities—they had severely resolved he must come up to, in order to obtain their suffrage. Strangely enough, their ideas on these matters didn't perfectly agree, and it was perhaps stranger still how many faults and imperfections the clergy were possessed of. "I'd no idee," said Deacon Stone, "what a miserable lot of workmen the Lord had in his vineyard. It seems a pity that he couldn't had a little of the wisdom and judgment of the Thorndale parish before he gave 'em a call." But Deacon Stone was terribly old-fashioned in his ideas, and not at all keen in seeing out blemishes, especially in ministers. Of course an old fogey like this could have very little weight in so very intelligent and discriminating a parish as the first Thorndale. After eight or ten months of candidating they at last settled upon Mr. Wilmont, a man who at least had not the faults of his immediate predecessors, for one look in his face told you that he was fearless and independent, and would both preach and practise what his own conscience believed to be right; and that while not possessing the "talent" of Gordon he stood firm and strong on the simple foundations of Christianity, as revealed in the Scriptures. "At last," thought this perfect people, "we have a workman worthy of our hire." And so they gave him a parish party, and introduced him to the "prominent members,"

and their wives, and their daughters, who smiled sweetly on him and invited him to tea, and everything was altogether lovely—for six months. Then somebody made the shocking discovery that the Wilmonts didn't own any silver;—and most dreadful of all, ate mush for breakfast, and had invariably but five small biscuits for supper. And, to crown all, Mr. Wilmont absolutely refused to discharge an old and tried servant, when he knew one or two of the "leading" members desired him to, on account of some personal spite they had against her. This was the beginning of the end. Mr. Wilmont's antecedents were hunted up, the "specks" magnified in a manner that put to blush the most powerful triumph of microscopic art, and blazoned abroad with a zeal worthy of a better cause. In addition, new causes of offence sprung up. Wilmont fraternized with the wood-sawyer, and actually stopped on the street to speak with him! Instead of "taking up" with the wealthy members of the parish, he visited the sick, and destitute, and afflicted—always with words of hope and cheer, and where it was needed with more substantial aid. Theoretically, the Thorndale parish believed a minister should visit the "widow and the fatherless"—practically, they preferred it should not be their minister. And so one day Mr. Wilmont sent in his resignation, and went the way of his predecessors. For the next eighteen months the Thorndale parish "candidated" to its heart's content. I think I have mentioned that it was not easy to suit, particularly as a whole, and so, long before the opening of this story, they were cut up into cliques and divisions, each favoring some particular Paul or Apollo, which the others as promptly repudiated. And when at last, with a considerable degree of unanimity, they decided on Francis Bradford, and there were not few, both in the parish and out, who felt a secret sense of commiseration for the young, untried man, who had—with no small amount of heroism, I think—decided to risk his fate where his older and more experienced brothers had failed. And this brings me to the beginning proper of my story. Mr. Bradford had been duly called, and installed, and had begun his labors in Thorndale, under (as one of the committee felicitously observed in a little introductory speech at the conventional "parish party" which Thorndale always gave its new ministers) "the most favorable and encouraging auspices." Perhaps I had better state at once that Mr. Bradford was a single man. This was indeed a new feature in the experience of the parish, and, in certain quarters, a somewhat exhilarating one. I was reading the other day the calculations of an English divine—based on the number of communicants, in which the relative numbers of men and women in heaven were computed to be twelve women to one man—a powerful acknowledgment of the superiority of women in goodness, by the way. After the advent of Mr. Bradford, the Thorndale first parish congregation were made up of very nearly that proportion of male and female attendants. The society had been falling off for the last year, but now every seat was occupied, and more than a score of young ladies, who had long since left the Sunday school because they were too old, became seriously impressed with the beauty and worth of that institution, and hastened to show their faith by their works, the more particularly when Mr. Bradford announced that he should give the school his constant attention. "Plenty of company, now, Ruthie," said Deacon Stone, with an odd smile, as his pretty little grand-daughter, Ruth Clifton, slipped her arm through his, the better to guide the almost blind old man through the pleasant meadow-path that led from the rear of the church to the quaint old homestead where these two dwelt alone. "Why, yes, grandfather," she replied, with innocent enthusiasm, "all the girls are joining the school again—I am so glad! And, beside, it will be encouraging to the new minister; I know he felt disappointed the first time he came into the school, he looked so gravely about at the empty seats, and asked 'if only children attended this school?'" "And quite ignored my little woman, did he?" the old man asked with a pretence of anger. "O, no, indeed!—that is he didn't mind me at all; it's not likely he should," she explained, eagerly. "I am not a very noticeable person, and—and I don't really think Mr. Bradford has ever seen me yet," she added, with a faint blush. "I came past Lucia May and Delia Warner when I left the vestry to-day, talking with him at the library door, but I don't think any of them saw me." Then with a little laugh, "you are not the only blind person in the parish, grandfather." "I know it, dear. I know it," he said soberly. "But I'd rather have a clear conscience and a spirit of humility than all their fine things. Man judgeseth by appearances, but God looketh at the heart." Always remember that, dear, and trust him for the rest." "But, grandfather, I was not complaining," she interrupted. "If people don't see me only when they happen to be alone, or want something of me, it is no reason I should be unhappy. It must be infinitely more trouble to them than it is to me." And a bright, careless little laugh rippled through the soft, slumberous air, and was caught up by a bob-o-

link swinging on a swaying bough of the great elm by the garden gate, and improvised upon in a perfect torrent of jingling, rattling, joyous song. Deacon Stone's face brightened, and his tremulous hand involuntarily closed over the little firm fingers resting on his arm. "God bless you forever and ever," little Ruthie, he whispered, in a husky voice. Ruth smiled brightly up in his face, and opened the gate—a low, rustic contrivance, consisting of a cross-piece, with a narrow strip of joist top and bottom, and held together by a rope fastened at opposite corners, with a large stone tied in the centre. The garden ran straight up to the house, with a high picket fence on either side. In the centre was a brick walk—or rather there had been one once. Now, the vigorous tufts of white clover and knot-grass, with here and there a "none-so-pretty," almost entirely concealed the gate and sunken bricks. At each side of the path was a row of sweet red and white pinks, and at the end of them, under the high, narrow windows, alternate clumps of daffodils and damask roses. All the rest was green-sward, and this sunny June day, of a soft exquisite green, shading from dark to golden as the sunshine sifted here and there through the branches of the stately old elm. Ruth slipped off her gloves and picked a little handful of pinks as she went slowly up the path. Her grandfather had gone on to the house and she was quite alone, when suddenly a murmur of voices struck on her ear, and looking up, with a start, she espied Delia Warner, Lucy May and Mr. Bradford, walking leisurely along the meadow path, and almost opposite the house. They had, apparently, discovered her at the same moment, for they looked up quickly, and involuntarily lowered their voices. Obeying her first impulse, Ruth bowed to the young ladies, both of whom gave her a cool stare, and the very faintest possible inclination of the head as they rustled by in their elegant spring silks. A vivid flush overspread the pretty, sensitive face, and the sweet lips trembled a moment. Then a voice from within called "Ruthie!" in such a strange, unnatural tone that everything else was forgotten, as, in a sudden fright, she hurried into the house. "Grandfather," she called. There was no answer, only a faint moan from the kitchen. A moment more, and Ruth was kneeling on the floor, trying to lift the limp, nerveless form of her grandfather in her arms. He had been sitting in the doorway and had fallen back into the room, his feet still resting on the broad, grass-fringed doorstep. "O grandfather, speak to me!" she cried, breaking into tears, and again assaying to lift the insensible form. "Let me assist you, Miss Clifton," said a strong quiet voice—the voice of the new minister—at her side, and without waiting for her to answer, a pair of muscular arms lifted the old man as if he had been an infant. "Now where shall we put him that he will get the most air? Have you a large cold room with a bed in it?" Without speaking Ruth threw open the door into the "north room," a great shadowy-looking apartment, in one corner of which the "spare bed" had stood from time immemorial. "Just the thing, only a trifle close.—Open the north window, please, and bring some cold water," he said, laying down his burden on the white lavender-scented bed. "O Mr. Bradford, is my grandfather going to die?" Ruth asked sharply, her natural awe of "the minister," as well as her recent mortification completely swallowed up in anxiety and alarm. "I think not—I see nothing to indicate such an event. It is nothing more than a fainting fit, I am quite sure," he said, in such a quiet assured tone that Ruth regained her usual composure immediately, and went quietly and deftly to work for his restoration. It was time for the afternoon service, however, before he was so far recovered as to speak, though he smiled fondly when his eyes rested on his grand-daughter, and pressed the hand of the young minister warmly when he took his departure, which he did with no small degree of reluctance. "I shall see this picture before my eyes all service time," he said, looking down at Ruth as she knelt, very pale and still, by the side of the white-haired old man who every now and then passed his hand caressingly over hers. "If—if you could come in this evening," Ruth stammered, feeling her face grow hot. "We are so alone here, though I never thought of it when grandfather was well." "Certainly, Miss Clifton," he responded in a hearty voice. "I should have come for my own sake, if you had not spoken of your need. I am, and shall be very anxious about Father Stone until I see his face in its accustomed place at church."

Then he shook hands with her in such a friendly, cordial way, and had moreover such an atmosphere of healthy vitality about him, that Ruth's natural diffidence and dread of strangers was quite dissipated, and all the long afternoon there was a pleasant glow in her heart, and a subtle sense of satisfaction permeating all her thoughts. I want to give, just here, a hint of the status of Deacon Stone in the Thorndale First Parish. And that it may be better understood I shall have to go back a little. Twenty-five years before, Samuel Stone had been deacon of the parish, as well as one of its financial pillars. He had an unbounded faith in everybody, and believed all the world as honest as himself. And so when Stephen Warner, then a young man of twenty-five, came to him, and with many specious words besought his name to a note for three thousand dollars, he signed it unhesitatingly, and thought no more of it. Stephen was a rising young man, everybody said, and Thorndale was rather proud of him, and prophesied that he would be the richest man in town in twenty years. He had built an elegant store in the centre of the town, whose handsome show windows (a new thing then in Thorndale) were at once the pride and attraction of the entire village. The elder Warner had been noted for his shrewdness in trade, as many a hood-winked purchaser of a "fine family horse" could give sorrowful testimony. But one day he died, bequeathing, besides his shrewdness, some four or five thousand dollars to his only son, Stephen. Stephen was not of the sort to bury his talent in a napkin, and straightway proceeded to put it out where it should gain other talents. There was no risk certainly in signing the note of such a shrewd, enterprising young fellow as Stephen Warner, and Deacon Stone was sorely happy to have it in his power to help lay the foundation whereon the proud superstructure which should one day delight and honor Thorndale, should be built. One, two and three months went by, and the good natured deacon had nearly forgotten the matter of the note. His son and daughter, Charles and Clara, were about being married, and, like the prodigal son in Scripture, insisted on having the portion that belonged to them. He had meant his two children should have three thousand dollars each, and had long ago carefully invested it for them. It was accordingly withdrawn and handed over to them on their wedding day, and a week after both his children left Thorndale to try their fortunes in the world. Three more months went by, when a startling rumor ran through Thorndale.—Stephen Warner had failed! The elegant new store was closed, and the man who held the note for three thousand dollars came past hasty to Thorndale to look after his interests. But alas! store and goods had alike passed out of the hands of Warner, and one Rushing, a New York broker, held everything in his possession. The gentleman, therefore, called at once on Mr. Warner's endorser and presented his claim. "I shall pay it, of course, but you must give me a few days," the Deacon said, trying to speak cheerfully, yet with a strange sinking at his heart, for he knew the old homestead and the farm he had tilled for nearly forty years must be mortgaged to raise the money. He had less than fifteen hundred dollars in cash at his command, and was just recovering from a slow fever, beside, which promised to leave him unable to do his spring work, and labor was scarce and dear in Thorndale that season. From the mortgage of the farm dated the decline of Deacon Stone's fortunes. His health was never firm again after that fever, and after fifteen years of anxiety and struggle, he gave up all hope of retaining the farm, though the pang it cost him to see it pass into other hands no one but God and his own heart knew. He still retained the old homestead with an acre of ground, though both had run down, and were but a pitiful caricature of what they had once been. A few years more and his wife died, leaving him quite alone. He had long since ceased to be the deacon of the Thorndale parish, though the familiar title still clung to him.—Younger and wealthier men, imbued with more modern ideas, held the office and controlled its affairs, now. About this time Stephen Warner came back to Thorndale. The twenty-one or two years of his absence had made a marked change in him, every way. The tall, slight young man, with the thin face and restless gray eyes, was hardly recognizable in the rather portly broad-shouldered gentleman of six and a half feet, whose fair, full face had that indescribable look of success and satisfaction with itself and the world, which one sometimes sees. The gray eyes, no longer restless, looked benignly through gold-mounted eye-glasses, and everything, from the heavy seal ring on the little finger, to the matchless gloss of broadcloth and beaver, proclaimed his wealth and importance. The prophecy of his youth was more than fulfilled, and all Thorndale took off its hat and went down on its knees before him. If any one remembered the past they wisely refrained from speaking of it, and Deacon Stone, in his poverty, and loneliness, and age, was conveniently forgotten. It was a business transaction, and if the deacon had chosen to take the risks, why, it was only his own fault. And here everybody coolly dismissed the whole matter. The deacon's children, in the meantime, had children of their own, and were engrossed in their own families, and their personal wants and interests. Charles, with a fashionable wife and daughters and spendthrift son, had enough to do to look out for himself, when he heard of his father's reverses, without burdening himself with an old man who might live to be a great deal of trouble. If his father "hadn't been a fool he would have been independent, now, and had something handsome to leave, besides."

SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.—A German newspaper, the *Europa*, gives a comparison of English, Scotch and German university life that may be profitably studied here. It says that in 1871, of 828 students in Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews and Aberdeen, 29 per cent. were the sons of ordinary day laborers, farm hands and miners; 16 per cent. of mechanics, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, smiths and weavers. Of the whole number 150 were the sons of farmers, 111 of clergymen, 94 of merchants, and 20 school-teachers. Their support at their own university is mainly drawn from funds appropriated to poor students, and the most distinguished draw prizes in the shape of money enough to support them at one of the great English universities. Scotch students all live in their own lodgings, and the \$5,500 that an English student requires for his annual support would afford a living for ten Scotch students at their own universities. The average of students in Scotland is one to 1,000 of the whole population; in England, one to 5,800; in Germany, one to 2,600. The living that a Scotch student gets for his hundred dollars (and this is not the smallest amount on which some of them live) is, of course, of the plainest kind. His own home supplies him with meal and potatoes, herrings and butter. The whole work of tuition is done in the winter, and the summer vacation is devoted to such actual, hard, manual labor, that the university life is at least a respite, and yet the great risk is that of overtasking the students, or allowing them to devote themselves too steadily to their lessons and study. The prizes vary from fifteen to one hundred and fifty dollars, and they are awarded usually for four years, but upon the condition of a successful examination. At Aberdeen, receipt of such assistance, and throughout Scotland the results of the October election are the great events of the year, by which all its other occurrences are reckoned. The Priest and His Dinner. An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: "Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your reverence?" "Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply. "Put out! Who would put out your reverence?" "Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock." "Oh, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now be easy, your reverence! I'll settle that for you." So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired: "Is Father O'Leary here?" As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: "No, bother on Father O'Leary; he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary." Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying: "All is right, your reverence; you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you!" "Long life and happiness to your reverence; I have got your maldy; I only wish I had your cure." Children's Rights. The "rights of women" have had their advocates among us for a good many years, and now the "rights of children" have found an advocate who, mirabile dictu, is a school-teacher. At a convention of the schools, held recently at Worcester, Massachusetts, Superintendent Marble read a paper, in which he maintained that every child in school, however young, "has the same right to his opinion, his judgment, his will and way, which a full-grown man would have if he sat in the same seat." "The fact," said he, "that he is weak and ignorant does not alter the case. If the child's opinion or judgment be at fault, we should correct him in the same rational way as we would an adult. If his will be obstinate, and his way be productive of harm to himself or others, we should first point him out the right way, and, if he did not desert from his evil way, we should enforce both admit and child in the same manner. The qualities of reason and intelligence should be recognized both in the child and in the adult. The first right of every child, then, as of every human being, is to be treated as an equal, and not as an inferior. It seems to be the opinion of some people that to teach is to stamp one's own image upon the child; that what I think he must be taught. We have no business to do any such thing. A child is weak, but we have no right to bully him. He is undeveloped intellectually; no more have we a right to impose our opinions upon him without his choice. "If you don't want the soot, don't go up the chimney," was the reply of an editor to "respectable" parties who requested him not to mention the fact that they had been arraigned in a police court. Those vile slanders, the newspaper correspondence. Nothing is sacred to them, but they, above all things, delight to attack with their venomous pens that simple, unaffected, refined, industrious, modestly adorned, neat, spruce, brightly, attractive, blooming, and brilliant creature, the watering place belle. We give a specimen just to show to what length these malicious persons will go. Not that there can be a word of truth in it. Of course not. Somebody in want of an item with which to feed a greedy public made it up. It comes from Cape May: The ladies, finding it dangerous to trust to nature for their charms, even during the brief time they spend in their daily "dip," in the briny waves, have resorted to the wretchedness of fat to help them out, where nature's loveliness falls short. I allude to the padding of bathing dresses that has become quite fashionable. Not only are the bathing dresses for private use made in this manner, but also those for hire at the public bathing houses. The breast, arms, shoulders, and even the calves are so neatly and symmetrically padded that every fair father you meet appears to be a perfect Venus as regards personal shape and appearance. It is rather a curious fact that East Staffordshire, England, will now be represented in Parliament by two of the largest brewers in the world—Mr. Bass, of "Bass's ale," and Mr. Allsop, of "Allsop's ditto." The constituency cannot be said to be unmindful of the claims of Beer. Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.—Sydney Smith.







## The Middletown Transcript

IN PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**Edward Reynolds.**  
TERMS—\$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Advertisements of 10 lines or less will be inserted for \$1.00, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Business cards, \$10 per year. One-quarter of a column, 3 months, \$3; 6 months, \$5; one year, \$8. One-half of a column, 3 months, \$5; 6 months, \$8; one year, \$12. One column, one year, \$18. Business Local, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Obituaries charged for at regular advertising rates.

### Items of News.

**FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—An accident occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad, at Willmore, last Friday night week, causing the death of one man, and seriously injuring several others. A freight train coming east was put on a side track, and before the switch could be turned another freight train bound east ran into it. Just at this moment the Philadelphia express passenger train came along, and a frightful disaster was barely avoided. Three locomotives were demolished, and several freight cars smashed. William Green, engineer, was instantly killed. The fireman of the eastern bound train was badly wounded.

**A TEXAS INUNDATION.**—A dispatch from Brownsville, Texas, reports that the Rio Grande has overflowed its banks for the first time since 1869. The upper country is flooded, and an almost unbroken sheet of water extends from Brownsville to the Gulf. In the city of Camargo the water is three feet deep in the main square. Almost the whole line of the Rio Grande and Point Isabel Railroad is ruined, the telegraph to Brazos has been swept away, and mail communication with the interior is suspended. The cotton crop in the inundated section is destroyed.

Cattle thieving has become such a pest in Vermilion parish, Louisiana, that a vigilance committee has been organized, and it has been quite busy lately hanging the thieves. Three went up a tree Friday week, and took their last drop together. On Wednesday last several more went up and did likewise.

The president of the railroad conductors' National Insurance Association has issued his call for a national convention at Boston on the 8th of October. Sixty members have died during the past year, and to their nearest relatives the association has paid \$150,000.

James Hatch and wife have been arrested in New Haven, Conn., for enticing innocent girls to a house of prostitution outside the city limits, under pretext of hiring them as waitresses and then by force endeavoring to compel them to lead lives of shame.

In accordance with an order from the Post Office Department the postal cars running from New York to Washington were on Saturday night locked up at each end with United States mail locks to prevent passengers traversing the cars.

The officers of the American Express Company at Chicago declare that there is no truth whatever in the story of robbery by one of their messengers of \$50,000 and his subsequent arrest with the funds in his possession.

The committee of arrangements for the grand ball at Long Branch in aid of the sufferers by the Portland, Oregon, fire, have postponed the ball to the 13th inst., additional time being required to perfect arrangements.

At the San Francisco City Gardens Jack Shepard, a pedestrian, has accomplished the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours. He suffered extremely in the latter part of his work.

The Republican city and county committee of St. Louis, in view of the compulsory assessment of post office clerks by the postmaster there for political purposes, has adopted a resolution condemning the system of such assessments.

Thieves entered the Mansion House at Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday night, and got away with \$3,000 in money and jewelry belonging to sporting characters who occupied the apartment.

The first bale of cotton of this year's crop, in Georgia, was shipped from Valdosta, Ga., by Stegall & Lathrop, last week, to J. W. Lathrop & Co., of Savannah. It weighed 510 pounds.

Goldsmith Maid won the principal race at Point Breeze trotting park, near Philadelphia, last week, beating Gloster and Sensation in 2:22, 2:25, and 2:24—three straight heats.

The consecration of Rev. Dr. Benjamin H. Paddock, bishop-elect of the diocese of Massachusetts, took place in Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Wednesday last.

An American, lately arrived from New York, has been arrested at Cardenas, Cuba, on a charge of attempting to pass counterfeit bills of the Spanish bank of Havana.

Andrew Montgomery, who was brutally assaulted by his wife in Philadelphia, is at the hospital, with little hope of recovery. The wife is in custody.

In New York, Sheridan Shook has been appointed by Major Havemeyer under the act of the Legislature passed last winter, commissioner of armories and drill rooms.

President Lerdo promises to make a good representation of Mexican industry at the Philadelphia centennial.

An Oregon candidate has made Senator elect John Mitchell Hippie happy by changing his name to John H. Mitchell.

Colonel John Ford House is spoken of as the Democratic candidate for next Governor of Tennessee.

Twelve houses in Ohio street, West Troy, were burned Monday morning, passing a loss of about \$40,000; insurance \$25,000.

The Ohio constitutional convention, which has been in session at Columbus some time, has adjourned to meet in Cincinnati December 2.

## Grain, Lumber, Feed, &c.

### Great Reductions

FOR CASH, IN LUMBER,  
HARDWARE, AND  
General Building Material!

A large and well-selected stock at surprisingly low prices.

ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 1st,

we will allow a

DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT., FOR CASH

On delivery, or

5 PER CENT. FOR CASH

Within 30 days from date of purchase, on all

kinds of Lumber, Lime, General

Hardware, and the best

CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS

in use; and a discount of 5 per cent. for cash

on delivery, or 3 per cent. for cash within thirty

days from date of purchase on Bricks, Mill-Work,

(consisting of Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.) Nails by

the keg, Cement, Plaster, and all kinds of Paints

and Painters' Material.

Our stock, which we offer at these extremely

low rates for cash, is not a stock of Dry Goods

out of season, or out of style, but a good and

well-selected stock of Lumber, Hardware, and

And all kinds of Building Material

which is always in season. We cordially invite

all who may contemplate building, or may want

anything in our line to examine our stock before

purchasing elsewhere.

Our is the largest and most complete

stock in the State, outside of the city of Wilmington.

Give us a call.

**J. B. FENIMORE & CO.,**

OPPOSITE THE R. R. DEPOT, MIDDLETOWN,

Aug. 30-3mos. DELAWARE.

**FOARD & COMEGYS,**

Grain Commission Merchants,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**Lime, Fertilizers,**

**COAL,**

**FLOUR, MEAL, FEED, &c.,**

ALSO,

**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.**

Sole agents for

HAMILTON'S CELEBRATED GRAIN AND

PHOSPHATE DRILL.

Also agents for the

**SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO,**

Which we can sell on terms to suit the tight-

ness of the times.

All kinds of COAL constantly on hand, and for

sale at the very lowest cash rates.

**STANTON MILLS**

**BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.**

Having opened our new store opposite the National

Hotel, we will at all times keep on hand a

full supply of the above articles, and hope, by a

strict attention to business, to merit a share of

the public patronage. (Aug. 30-ly.)

**LUMBER & HARDWARE.**

**J. B. FENIMORE & CO.**

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

**Lumber and Hardware.**

BRICKS, LIME, HAIR, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS

MOULDINGS, PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS, ETC. ETC.

Constantly on hand all kinds of

**Building Material.**

January 15-17

**FRUIT GROWERS,**

**Attention!**

My facilities for supplying Stencil Stock, such

as

**STENCILS,**

**STENCIL PAINT & BRUSHES,**

**For Marking**

**BERRY CRATES**

AND

**PEACH BASKETS,**

Cannot be surpassed.

ORDER EARLY.

**J. E. WORDEN,**

**Diamond State Stencil Depot,**

(ON THE HILL.)

Feb. 3, 1873-ly SMYRNA, DEL.

**NOTICE.**

THE tightness of the times compels me to re-

duce my business to a CASH basis, and ac-

cordingly have marked everything in my line at

low figures.

Cash credits will be limited to 30 days, and on

all cash paid for on delivery, a discount of 5 per

cent will be made. E. T. EVANS.

Middletown, Del., Aug. 16, 1873-17.

**NOTICE!**

To the Merchants of Middletown

and the Farmers of St. Georges

Hd. and surrounding country.

HAVING repaired the break in the mill-dam,

I am prepared to grind from 250 to 300

bushels of grain per day.

Four and all kinds of MILL FEED constantly

on hand. C. H. T. COUCH.

Sept. 31. Couch's Mill, New Castle Co., Del.

## Hotels, &c.

### ODESSA HOTEL,

ODESSA, DELAWARE.

HAVING recently leased and refurnished this old established Hotel, I am prepared to accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders in good style and at reasonable rates. My bar will always be supplied with choice wines, liquors, tobacco and cigars. Odessa, from its pleasant location on Appoquinimink Creek and its wide, shady streets, and its vicinity to the great peach district, offers special advantages as a summer retreat from the heat of the cities.

By strict attention to business and the comfort of my guests, I hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. B. F. LIPPINCOTT, Aug. 16-6mos.

### DELAWARE HOUSE,

Opposite the City Hall,

**513 Market Street,**

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Having recently remodeled and refurnished the above well-known Hotel, I am now prepared to entertain my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates. Patronage solicited.

**GEO. W. ORTLIP,**

mar 8-6m Proprietor.

### NATIONAL HOTEL,

Opposite R. R. Depot,

**MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.**

HAVING taken the above well-known house, I am prepared to accommodate my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates.

The bar will always be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Segars. Patronage solicited. JOHN A. MORTON, Proprietor.

Formerly of the Arch Street House, Phila.

Apr 12-6m

### NEW HOTEL,

At Townsend, Del.

### TOWNSEND HOUSE,

OPEN June 1st, 1872, will accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders at very reasonable rates. The bar will at all times be stocked with choice wines, liquors, tobacco and Segars. Fine oysters in season. Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public patronage generally. JAMES C. TOWNSEND, Proprietor.

June 8-ly.

### E. D. BROWN,

SUCCESSOR TO

### BROWN & GALLIGHER

IMPORTERS OF

FINE BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &c.

AND DEALERS IN

RYE, WHEAT, AND BOURBON WHISKEY.

No. 11 South 9th Street, Philadelphia.

Jan 29-y

### Fertilizers.

### FOR WHEAT AND GRASS

USE BARNYARD MANURE

with a liberal hand as far as your own supply

will go.

THEN FINISH UP WITH

**BAUGH'S**

**RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.**

It will pay well even at present prices of Pro-

duce.

STANDARD WARRANTED TO EVERY BUYER.

**BAUGH & SONS,**

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia,

and

103 South Street, Baltimore.

July 12-17

### A CARD.

WE take pleasure in recommending to old

friends and patrons our

**SOLUBLE AMMONIATED**

**SOUTH SEA GUANO,**

Which is prepared under the immediate super-

vision of our Mr. B. M. Rhodes at Baltimore only,

together with the

**ORCHILLA GUANO,**

(for which we are agents.) The South Sea and

Orchilla Guanos being

**NATURAL FERTILIZERS,**

Deserve the attention of the agricultural com-

munity. Send for circular.

**B. M. RHODES & CO.,**

82 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Agents for New Castle County:

COLUMBUS WATKINS, ODESSA,

FOARD & COMEGYS, MIDDLETOWN,

Sept 6-3mos.

**NEW JERSEY CHEMICAL CO'S**

**SUPER-PHOSPHATE.**

TRADE (W. & C.) MARK.

THE New Jersey Chemical Company, having

purchased the right of manufacturing the

celebrated Watson & Clark Super-Phosphate,

their superior facilities will enable them to main-

tain its past standard in every respect, and at the

same time to offer it on more satisfactory terms

than heretofore.

When large quantities are ordered a fair dis-

count will be given for cash.

**S. M. REYNOLDS, Agent,**

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Aug. 16-3mos.

**AKERMAN & MALMSTEN,**

GENERAL

**Upholstery and Fine Furniture.**

WAREHOUSES,

**No. 211 SHIPLEY Street,**

(IN D. H. KENT'S NEW BUILDING.)

**Wilmington, Delaware.**

Making up and laying of carpets, matting and

oil cloth; spring and hair mattresses; furniture

covered and repaired; lambrequins, draperies

and window decorations, and all belonging to

the business attended to.

aug 16-31.

## Real Estate.

### MARYLAND FARMS

FOR SALE.

Conveniently located, near Railroads and

Streets. Soil generally good and well

improved. Terms very reasonable.

Owners anxious to sell.

No. 1.—A tract containing two hundred acres,

about 80 of which is under cultivation. Build-

ings small; timber principally white oak and

chestnut. Very cheap.

No. 2.—A farm situated about two and a half

miles from Masses—the junction of the Kent

Co. and Q. A. and R. R.'s—and containing about

two hundred acres, mostly woodland, there be-

ing but seventy-five acres arable; would make

good farming and fruit land with proper hand-

ling. Price \$20.00 per acre.

No. 3.—A farm immediately adjoining Mas-

sey's Junction, containing 150 acres, in a high

state of cultivation; splendid three year old

peach orchard, also Apple orchard and small

fruit; buildings excellent. This farm will com-

pete with any in the neighborhood; produced

25 bushels wheat per acre this year. Price

\$100.00 per acre.

No. 4.—A farm of 324 acres, located in a

pleasant neighborhood in Queen Anne's Co. Md.

within two miles of Middletown, a live town, on

the Q. A. & R. R., being about three hours ride

to Philadelphia, and only three-fourths of a

mile from a point where line can be delivered on

the Road, 254 acres of same is fine arable

land; produces from 30 to 50 bushels corn and

15 to 20 bushels wheat per acre, balance is well

wooded with timber,



